

any occupation more remote from the paths that lead to glory than that of a plumber. Yet in the holy quiet of one of the cloisters of this temple of fame a plumber is buried—one Philip Clarke—for no other reason than that he fixed pipes and soldered up leaks for Westminster School, an appendage of the abbey. But no memorial will be found in the abbey of that soldier artist whom the world can never forget, the immortal thinker, John Bunyan.

OBSCURE FOLK MINGLE WITH THE GREAT.

Because he chanced to be employed as a butler in Westminster School, Thomas Warren was interred in one of the cloisters in 1699. By marrying a "Page of the Back Stairs," and as "Miss Starcher" superintending Queen Anne's washing, Elizabeth Abrahams gained a similar posthumous honor. For looking after Queen Anne's hens and chickens David Davis, "First Groom of Her Majesty's Poultry Office," was buried in this ground consecrated to the great with several members of his family, including a six-year-old son. Nor did the little fellow lack company there. Many children are buried in the abbey, and none of them was a prodigy.

The first child to be buried there, the five-year-old daughter of Henry III, was dumb, but being the child of a king, and a great king, as things were looked at in those old days, no exception could be taken to her interment there with her ancestors. The same hereditary claim may be held to justify the burial in the abbey of the little son of Henry VIII, Maria, the exiled queen of Charles I, although the infant did nothing more extraordinary than make a hasty exit from this troubled world on the same day that he entered it, (tarrying just long enough to get christened. But of most of the abbey children it may be said that no man knows why they should have been buried there. That little Nicholas Bagenall, for instance, was "by his nyrs unfortunately overlaid," when only two months old, was doubtless a source of sore grief to his parents something more than 300 years ago, but there is no reason why the child's deplorable fate should continue to be commemorated by an ungainly black pyramid and urn when space is needed to make room for those who have done noble work for England.

The Smith family is the most numerous in the country, but if merit were to determine who among them is most worthy of burial in the abbey the choice would certainly not fall on one Thomas Smith, of whom nothing is known save the inscription on his tablet that "through the spotted veil of the smallpox he rendered a pure and undisputed soul to God." In the south aisle of the great nave is a monument to another Smith—John Smith—who died in 1718. He may have been a very worthy man—nobody knows—but if his family had not some pull with the dean he never would have been thus rescued from oblivion. It would seem as though in those good old days influence could get almost anybody buried in the abbey. The Duke of Buckingham had a Scotchman buried there for no other reason than that he was a friend. On the same day a lot of people got together and buried a dog in Tothill Fields as a protest against the abbey funeral. But the duke's friend still retains his six feet of ground there.

It is the "Poets' Corner" that visitors, and especially American visitors, approach with the greatest reverence, and there they linger longest. But no other part of the abbey affords a more striking illustration of its incongruity than the lack of any principle of selection by which the most deserving of remembrance, were admitted and those who had no claim to enduring fame were kept out. A long list of names is inscribed there, names of poets, names of statesmen, names of men who had no monuments and monuments which had no poets. "In those works are generally forgotten are better represented in the 'Poets' Corner' than those whose writings are still cherished. No memorials exist there of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Walter Savage Landor, Sir Philip Sidney, Marlowe, Lovelace, Herrick, Allan Ramsay, the Scotch singer and several others deservedly far better known than many of those on whom monuments and fulsome epitaphs have been bestowed.

Although Thomas Stoddard, poet laureate in the reign of William III, according to Hallam, "endeavored to make the stage as grossly immoral as his talents admitted," he has a monument in this hallowed shrine of the muses. A student might pass a pretty stiff examination in English literature and yet have read nothing written by Nicholas Rowe, the poet laureate of George I, and, according to his epitaph, composed by Pope, next to Shakespeare "skilled to draw the tender tear." On his monument in the "Poets' Corner" his widow is depicted weeping the "tender tear" from one eye and gazing at his bust out of the other. For all that, she married again soon after he was buried. Michael Drayton, whose bust occupies a niche in this sacred spot, is now numbered among the forgotten poets, despite the prediction made in his epitaph that "his name that cannot fade shall be an everlasting monument."

Under the effigies of John Gay, who has long faded from remembrance, appear his own cynical lines:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it."

And they seem not altogether inappropriate, in view of his own presence in such a place and the strangely mixed company gathered about him as fitting representatives of England's greatness.

Among other tenants of the Poets' Corner who have shared oblivion with him may be mentioned John Phillips, Abraham Cowley, William Masson, Matthew Prior, Christopher Anstey and Sir William Davenant, despite his plagiarized epitaph "O rare Sir William Davenant." It is a strange assemblage of the dead that meet in this part of the abbey. In it are found divines, philosophers, essayists, dramatists, actors, antiquarians, critics, architects, philanthropists, etc., many of them long forgotten. And among those who have left an enduring mark on English literature incongruity still characterizes their commemoration. Thackeray, who was buried at Kensal Green, has a bust here while his great rival, Dickens, is buried close by with no monument save his gravestone. Samuel Johnson is buried here, but his monument is in St. Paul's Cathedral. Others occupy conspicuous places who have no earthly claim to them. What, for instance, could be more inappropriate than a tablet, above Chaucer's tomb, to John Tolson, "the very faithful secretary of the Honorable William Pelham," a minister who held office under George II. And when such men as Byron, Keats and Shelley still remain unrecognized in the abbey, why should any longer be given to Thomas Chaffinch and John Osbaldeston "pages of the bedchamber" to Charles II?

MONUMENTS TO THE INFAMOUS.

If only the great and heroic were commemorated in this place that, with more of poetry than truth, has been called "the silent meeting place of the great dead of eight centuries," there would be room for the memorials of all whose names are inscribed high on the rolls of England's fame. In the

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JAPANESE WHO SEARCHES FOR SKRYDLOFF.



Admiral Kammura, who commands the flying squadron of Japan, has been chasing the Vladivostok fleet. It is said his failure to accomplish his task must result in suicide or degradation.

disty is a monument to James Craggs, who was secretary of state when he died, in 1720, only 32 years old. Pope composed the epitaph which commemorates his virtues.

Statesmen, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear! Who broke no promise, serv'd to private end,

Who gained no title, and who lost no friend; Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd, Prais'd, wept and honored by the Muse he lov'd.

Yet when the South Sea bubble burst and its books were overthrown, this same Craggs, "in honor clear" was discovered to be an arrant rogue, his name appearing in the subscription lists for the fictitious sum of \$1,550,000, the price of his "influence." Pope had no desire to be buried in the abbey himself. He knew very well the character of many of the company there, and what epitaphs were worth.

So far worse than Craggs was Thomas Thynn, a blackguard whose memorial stands near that of the saintly Wesley, the founders of Methodism, that a dean refused to be responsible for the striking discrepancy between historic fact and poetic fiction displayed in his epitaph and ordered it erased, while allowing his monument to remain. Thynn was a favorite of Charles II. He was a rich man, but to add to his wealth compelled the child widow of Lord Ogle, heiress to vast Northumbrian estates of the Percies, to marry him. She was only 15, and fled to Holland to escape him, whereupon he instituted law proceedings to get possession of her property.

One of her suitors, Count John Konigsmark, a Swedish nobleman, sent him a challenge by Captain Vratz, one of his followers. Thynn responded by dispatching six men to France to murder the pair of them. Their mission failed. Then the count tried the game of murder with more success. As Thynn was riding down Pall Mall one Sunday evening, his coach was stopped by Capt. Vratz and two hired villains, and Thynn's career was terminated by a blunderbuss. A bag relief on the monument depicts the murder, and incidentally justifies the boast subsequently made by Thynn's coachman that he, too, had his effigy in the Abbey.

It is a singular fact that no painter who has a monument there is the same Sir Godfrey Kneller who so emphatically expressed his aversion to being entombed within its walls because "they do bury fools there." Sir Godfrey himself designated the monument for which he left \$1,500 and chose the place for it in Twickenham church; but the spot selected was already occupied by Pope's tablet to his father, and as the poet refused to give way to the painter, the painter's monument was got rid of by placing it in the Abbey with an epitaph which Pope acknowledged to be the worst he had ever written.

Of ecclesiastical dignitaries and divines there are about four dozen commemorated in the Abbey and no particular standard of greatness seems to have been applied in determining their fitness for such an exalted honor. The great majority of them have been connected with the Abbey. Among them is Dean Sprat, now chiefly remembered because he refused to allow Milton's name to appear in an epitaph to somebody else in the Abbey. But deans of Westminster, whether great or little, are buried in the Abbey as a matter of course. Dean Stanley and his wife are buried in Henry VIII's chapel, where the dean has an imposing monument, and his wife a memorial window. Dean Stanley was a saintly and lovable man, a great man, too, many might consider him, but yet he did no such work to win lasting remembrance as that other rejected Stanley without whose name the history of Africa can never be written.

GREAT WOMEN NEGLECTED.

Apart from actresses, great women have received the most scant recognition in the Abbey, though memorials have been bestowed on many of the sex there. Aphra Behn, the barber's daughter, perhaps has some claim to fame as the first woman to earn a living by her pen in England, though her "feminine" was notorious, and Charles II made use of her as a spy during the Dutch war. By way of contrast, it is interesting to note that according to the inscription on Mrs. Martha Bireh's monument she was "chaste, wise and prudent," though it is evident she owes her place among the immortals not to those commendable virtues, but to the fact that her second husband was a prebendary of the Abbey.

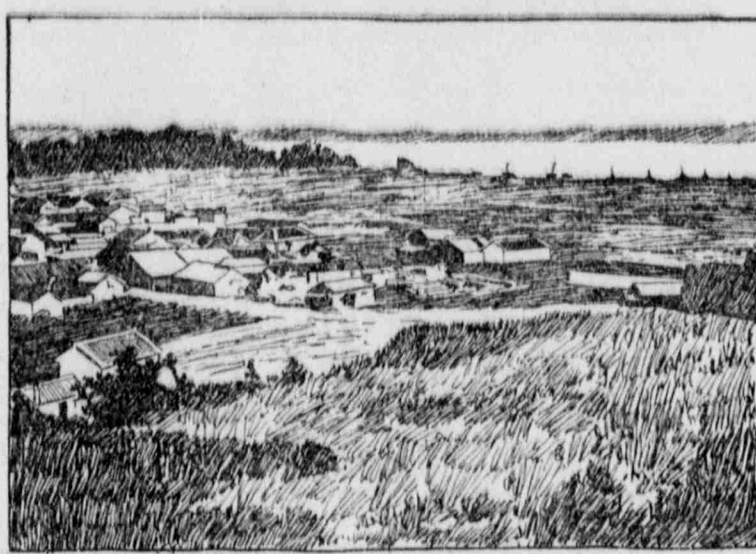
On the south side of the great nave, it is recorded that her "person and understanding would have become the highest rank in life, and her vivacity would have recommended her in the best conversation, but by judg-

COMMANDER OF RUSSIAN FLEET.



Admiral Skrydloff, in command of the Vladivostok fleet, has successfully evaded Kammura and harassed the Japanese transport service. His tactics will be eagerly watched.

THE HARBOR OF CHINNAMPO, KOREA.



At the mouth of the Tatung river, about forty miles below Pingyang, lies the town of Chinnampo, the chief port on the northwestern coast of Korea. It is this harbor that the Japanese are using most in landing their armies on Korean soil. From there to Pingyang they transport their troops and supplies both by land and by river. The illustration represents the town of Chinnampo, which in itself is rather small and unimportant, with the broad, fine harbor in the distance.

It Saved His Leg.

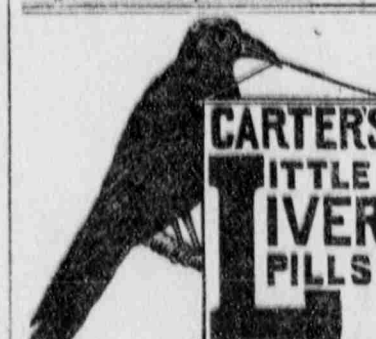
P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Z. C. M. L. Drug Store.

STARTING FOR THE FRONT FROM TOKYO.

The scene is the leave taking of a troop of Japanese soldiers and their families and friends at the railroad station in Tokyo. It is evident from the preparation still going on that the call has been a sudden one. The platform of the Tokyo station on that day was an inspiring sight. The glittering regimental



of the men and the many hued garments of their wives and children furnished a wealth of local color. It had its pathetic side also. The expressions of mingled enthusiasm and seriousness on the faces of the men and the anxiety and resignation on those of the women make that apparent. They are the countenances of those who are trying to preserve a brave appearance when the heart is heavy with the weight of fearful possibilities.



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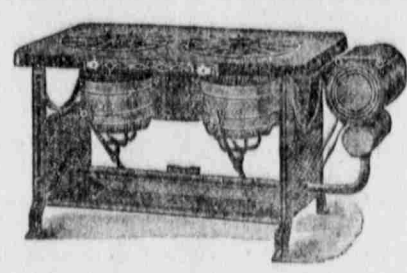
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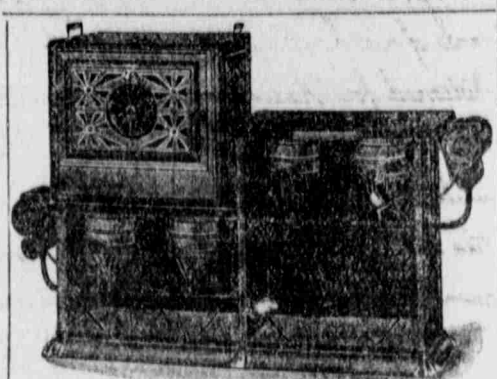
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